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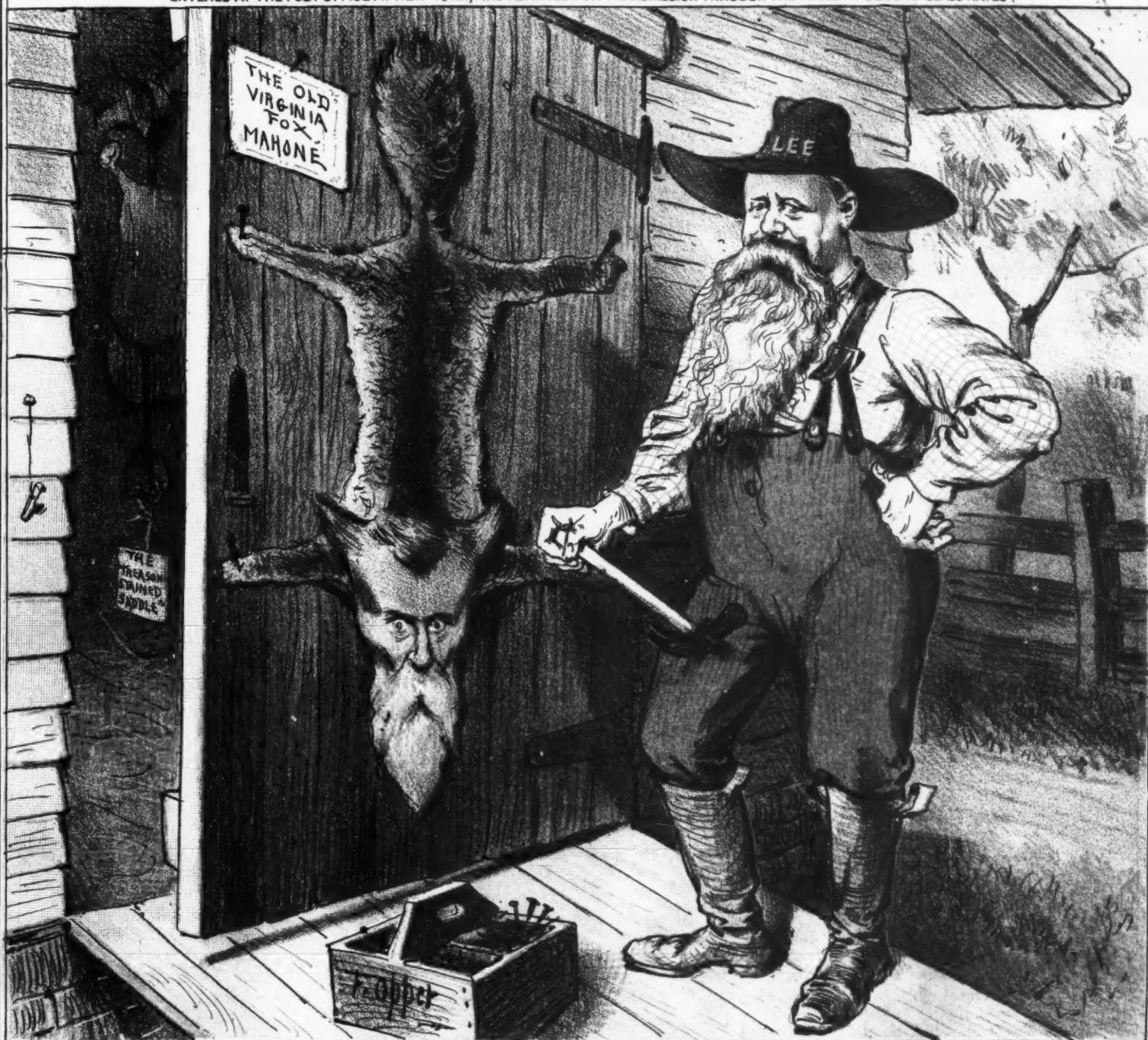


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THE OLD FOX NAILED UP AT LAST.

## PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF JOS. KEPPLER  
BUSINESS-MANAGER A. SCHWARZMANN  
EDITOR H. C. BUNNER

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**In the simple but expressive** slang of the profession, we are "left" this time. Our front-page cartoon of last week stands for a sad Should-Have-Been instead of a beautiful Is. But if the Democratic party, which is not, itself, quite ignorant of what defeat means, can stand it, we can. We have broken, for the first time in eight years and a half, our record of successful prophecy. The wrong man is elected—several wrong men are elected. The political heelers and hucksters are in the ascendant, as they have been many times before.

\* \* \*

Well? As we said last week, Well? The wrong side is successful. Does that make the wrong side right? Is the argument of numbers the only argument? Are Mr. Hill's political methods any cleaner; are the men who work for him and for whom he works any more decent and honest; are his ambitions any less low and mean, because he has been elected Governor of the State of New York? Is he a better, a more trustworthy man than he was ten days ago, just because he is elected Governor of the State of New York? Is the principle which he represents anything better than a principle of corruption and political dishonesty, simply because he has been elected Governor of the State of New York?

\* \* \*

The Bourbon Democratic press is wildly gleeful because, as it says, the Mugwump is dead. But the Mugwump is not dead, and cannot be dead while such questions as these must be asked, and while one honest and clear-headed man remains to answer them. You can no more kill the Mugwump than you can kill the multiplication-table. You may assert that twice two is five. You may boldly proclaim it as a principle that twice two is five. You may base all your calculations on the assumption that twice two is five. But twice two is not five, nor four and a half, nor four and one one-hundred-thousandth. Twice two is just four, and sooner or later the world will have to recognize the fact. The Mugwump is simply a man who knows the multiplication-table of politics, and who sees clearly that no political system can last which is based on a system which multiplies two by two and makes anything but four out of the multiplication. If you will reflect,

you will see that it is impossible to rid the world of such men. Certainly you cannot do it by arraying a majority of voters against the multiplication-table.

\* \* \*

You may elect Mr. Hill, or a dozen Mr. Hills; but you cannot change the fact that Mr. Hill is not fit to be elected. That fact remains, and while it remains, the Mugwump will remain. You will find him on hand at the next election; you will find him on hand at the election after that. Defeat may paralyze you, for you have no strength but the strength of numbers; no aim but the base aim of material success. There is nothing to you but the money and the power which you have got and to which you have no right. Take these things away from you, and you are left in a contemptible helplessness. But the man who is fighting unselfishly for truth's sake has a strength and a vitality in him which you can never know; and defeat shall not dishearten him.

\* \* \*

This election, we are told, is a "vindication" of Governor Hill. Then if Mahone's party had triumphed last week, and Mahone's man had been elected Governor, Mahone would have been vindicated? Is that your logic? Then while Mahone was in power, he was, by grace of the people's vote, an honorable, honest, high-minded, upright statesman? And yet you, O sages of the Bourbon press, are rejoicing over the downfall of Mahone. Have you two sets of logic for use in your editorial offices? Last year, if you will remember, you opposed the candidacy of a certain James G. Blaine, because he was a tricky and dishonest politician. He was defeated at the polls—defeated by a few hundred votes in one state. These few hundred votes were cast by the Mugwumps whom you are to-day denouncing. If they had been cast on the other side, this James G. Blaine would have been elected. Would you then have considered that you were conclusively proved to be in the wrong, and that Mr. James G. Blaine was *not* a tricky and dishonest politician?

\* \* \*

Successful or unsuccessful, James G. Blaine, David B. Hill and William Mahone belong to

one class. No popular vote can ever make them statesmen or patriots or even good citizens. They, their followers, their allies and their sympathizers are a mischievous lot, and they are bound to be driven out of our politics sooner or later. The men who do this work may call themselves Democrats or Republicans, or Whigs or Tories—but they will be the very men whom we now call Mugwumps.

\* \* \*

His name is Jonah Burchard Foraker.

It is only a suggestion; but—just suppose that, in addition to his sentence, Ferdinand Ward, of Sing Sing on Hudson, had to serve out a day for every dollar he had stolen and failed to restore to his victims. He couldn't do it, of course—the generations of Enoch, set on end, wouldn't cover time enough for such a task. But the beauty of the scheme would be that he *wouldn't* do it—that he *wouldn't* try to do it. That money would re-appear in some beautiful and mysterious way; and Mr. Ward wouldn't remain in prison after the expiration of his regular term any longer than was necessary to save himself money enough to go West and set up in business in Judge Vincent's district. Yes, we know that such an idea is almost Utopian. But would it not save us the disgrace of the farce we see acted every time a wholesale scoundrel of the new school is sent to jail to serve a few years and emerge to live comfortably for the rest of his life on the stolen money that his family has been keeping safe for him?

THE ASSYRIAN came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And PICKINGS FROM PUCK did he buy with his gold.

Woodman, spare the tree,  
Touch not a single bough;  
But read your PICKINGS FROM PUCK  
Within its sweet shad-ow.

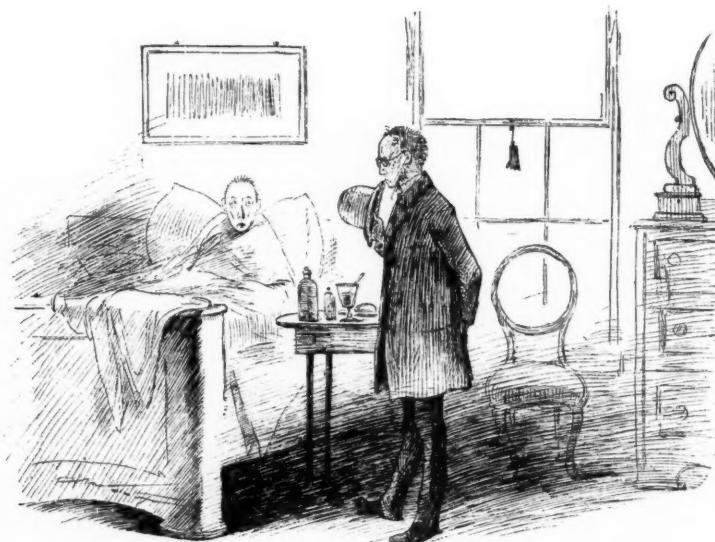
A thing of beauty is a joy forever,  
PICKINGS FROM PUCK 's more beautiful than ever.\*

From Greenland's icy mountains  
To India's coral strand,  
You 'll find PUCK's festive PICKINGS  
On every paper-stand.

Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,  
Where PICKINGS FROM PUCK holds undisputed reign.

\* This false rhyme is made for the sake of variety.

## THE RULING PASSION.



PATIENT (who has just been informed her case is critical) — "Doctor, does the hair grow after death?"  
DOCTOR.—"I believe it does."

PATIENT.—"Thank goodness! I shall look as well as the Smith girls, Judgement Day!"

## HOPEFUL.



FOND FATHER.—“You’m little, en you’m brack, en you ain’t han’some. But, Lor’ bress yo’, chile, no more was I w’en I se yore age!”

## ICHABOD.

Among the things which the March of Civilization should leave untouched—and it would, if the March of Civilization had the judgement which it is credited with by the review writers and the political orators—is the old figured carpet that covered the parlor floor in those good old days when all of us were young—covered it as a red sunset covers the Jersey hills and gilds the rugged shores of that unfortunate country with a gold which the most ambitious painter has never yet had the effrontery to try to imitate. That is all gone now. Instead of the carpet we were taught to venerate and wipe our feet before we ventured to step upon, one finds rich London-made carpet, with subdued tints—there was nothing subdued about the carpet of our younger days—which matches the paper on the walls. It has a quiet pattern, fashioned by an artist who does nothing else. It has a rare and fanciful design, and costs a small fortune to buy. It is soft to the feet, and the sunlight will not dim its lustre. It is neat and pretty, but it lacks a certain indefinable something which the old-fashioned man brought up with the old-fashioned carpet never fails to miss. It has no recollections, no memories connected with it—this new-fashioned and aesthetic carpet. The rooms of to-day are furnished with harmony. The colors blend, and an effect is attempted; but it is not the effect that was produced by that old-fashioned Brussels carpet that covered the parlor floor in the big red house on the hill, in the days that will never return.

The old hair-covered sofa is gone, too—a victim of the ruthless hand of Progress—and the three-cornered what-not that stood in the corner by the door, with its little round knobs and its shelves all crowded with curiosities from foreign lands, for Her uncle had been a sailor in his young and bucksome days. Instead of these we have the secretaries and cabinets of antique patterns and quaint designs which border upon the grotesque, queer little grinning idols from Japan, vases from France and pottery from the ruins of Pompeii. Shelves stretch themselves across the walls, loaded with *bric-à-brac* of varying degrees of ugliness. The ceiling is tinted, and brass chandeliers hang over heavily-laden, thickly-covered tables. The old glass chandelier, which glittered with its candle-lights, has disappeared, too, and fat round lamps of crackle-ware furnish the light of to-day. The old mahogany-framed, hair-covered rocker, warranted to hold two, with its hand-worked tidy, which never could be leaned against, is supplanted by

the high-backed, leather-covered chair of the aesthetic present. What rare egotism has the furniture of to-day! What boundless conceit!

The Persian rug has also made its appearance, setting off the newness of its surroundings by its ancient and mildewed dinginess, and the floors are stained and polished where the old-fashioned figured border was wont to find its home. There is no comfort in these rooms. The man of to-day is not at his ease amid these relics of the effete East. An evening reception is like a visit to a *bric-à-brac* shop. There is nothing inviting about these apartments. Who ever heard of a man taking off his coat and boots, slipping on his dressing-coat and slippers, and stretching himself out on a lounge in such a room and resting? It is such things as these that drive men to the country in the summer among the hills, where the grass grows green and the trees have room to breathe—where the old-fashioned parlor still has its old-fashioned carpet, and the hair-covered chairs rule with unquestioned authority.

The old carpet in this big red house on the hill, though now only a memory which comes in the light of a bright grate-fire, and takes its form in the blue smoke that curls up from the bowl of your pipe, had a pattern of the old-fashioned sort. It was red, this good old carpet, with squares in it and still other squares within them, squares of spotless white, which looked like the bird’s-eye view of a public park, with patches of greensward, walks of gravel, and great beds of crimson flowers. Before the fireplace was a rug of wondrous make, an heirloom of the family. There was nothing dingy about this good old rug, no mildewed flare of the East. It had a horse in its centre, a purple horse with a green tail, a yellow mane, and sparks of the brightest red blazed and glowed by the flickering flames, as they fell from his distended nostrils upon the pink ground under his hoofs.

I used to know this carpet and the rug in those good old days, and I grew very fond of them. In time they became like old friends, and as I was ushered into the dark room—for, unlike the modern carpets, the sun-light would fade the colors of my friend—the carpet would wink at me confidentially, so I used to fancy, and I am sure the horse would have neighed a welcome had it been gifted with that power. I had abundant opportunities to study them; for She was not always prompt in coming downstairs, and in those minutes of silent expectancy I used to wish the horse was real instead of worsted, and that I could take little Phyllis on its broad back beside me and gallop away, through the labyrinthine walks of the carpet, past the greensward, ‘way beyond the crimson flower-beds, out into the country to the little village-church on the hillside, with the white steeple and the sweet-toned bell. But the horse, however much it entered into my plans, never gave me any encouragement. Carpet horses, alas, can’t be everything we want them to.

That was years and years ago, and the other day Phyllis and I visited a carpet-store.

“Have you any red carpets?” I asked of the clerk: “with white and green squares in them?”

“Here,” said he, as he pulled down a roll from a cobwebbed corner of the shop: “here is just what you want. I’ll make it cheap, too. It’s an old-fashioned pattern.”

With this he spread out before our eyes the counterpart of my youthful friend.

“We don’t want that,” observed little Phyllis, with disdain: “That is exactly like that hideous old nightmare mother used to have on her parlor floor. I want a Persian rug.”

Then I sadly turned away, and the March of Civilization winked at Modern Taste, and the Good Old Fashions of bygone times wiped away a furtive tear in silence.

BENJAMIN NORTHRUP.

## Puckerings.



## HIS CHOICE.

See the pretty chickens root among the bottles,

See their shining feathers, see their scarlet wattles.

All the day they’re scratching in the garden cool,  
And they never, never have to go to school.

Sleeping in the tree-top, down they come at morn,  
When they hear the shower of the golden corn.

Along on merry winglets they can lightly skim;  
But down in the duck-pond they can never swim.

So I think I’d rather be a little boy,  
With a double-barreled pistol for a toy.

I would be no chicken—here’s the reason why:  
I should feel so funny, made into a pie.

## AFTER THE OPERA—The Theatre.

## THE NOVEMBER HARPER—The Wind.

IN “BRYANT AND HIS FRIENDS” we fail to find an allusion to the veteran Nelse Seymour.

THE OPPONENTS of the Italians say: “The stiletto must go.” We may be pardoned if we remark, “She does go.”

IT IS now proposed to heat horse-cars by electricity. This is a lightning scheme, in the parlance of the populace.

THE INDIAN question is likely to be solved within a very short time. Bicycles have been introduced among the Sioux tribes.

DR. FOTHERGILL says that beef-tea has no food value. Then beef-tea ought to go. No one will pretend that it has any value as a beverage.

“THE SHADES of night’ are never hung on rollers.” Then why were they “falling fast” if they were not hung on rollers? That is the way curtains always do.

AN EASTERN paper says: “One good way to reduce obesity is to walk to Hallowell and back every pleasant day.” This ought to be very valuable to persons living in Chicago.

“A WOMAN in La Grange, Ga., was feeding her Plymouth Rock chickens, the other day, when her wedding-ring slipped from her finger and was gobbed up by one of the fowls—she doesn’t know which.” If any of our readers finds a gold ring in the yolk of his egg, he knows where to send it, now.

“REV. I. N. PARDEE has consented to dedicate several churches in the Black Hills, with the understanding that they will furnish him with a cabinet of geological specimens from the Black Hills.” This goes to show that there is very little difference between Eastern and Western preachers. They are all after the “rocks.”

## THE EXAMPLE OF SCOTTY.

It is announced that "Scotty," who officiated in the dear days of a dead and gone past as trainer to that popular quadruped, Jumbo, will publish his recollections of the great elephant in *Harper's Young People*. That this announcement will be hailed with deep joy, tempered more or less by unutterable grief over the days that are no more, cannot be doubted. Jumbo was deservedly popular. He was a modest, quiet, peaceable member of society, who attended to his own affairs and troubled no one. He never was known to endeavor to insert his ample proboscis into other people's affairs, nor did he entertain so high an opinion of his own greatness as to want to run for office. He kept his ears closed against the insidious flatteries of a host of parasites, and courteously swallowed the chestnuts given him by the "madding crowd."

Such an animal deserves to have the incidents of his daily life recorded by his faithful and sorrowing friend. But the results which will follow in the shape of imitations must give us food for reflection. The world would feel happier if that accomplished and handsome gentleman, Mr. William Madden, who has at times figured as a trainer, would publish his recollections of John L. Sullivan. Such a volume would meet the wishes of a wide circle of society, which knows how to appreciate the finer characteristics of a man whose domestic life is well known to be a model of virtue. Doubtless Mr. Sullivan, in those sacred moments when he is obscured from public gaze, when he relaxes the appearance of calmness and intellectual repose familiar to those who have seen him on the platform, and allows free play to the spirits within him, has said and done many little things replete with humor and playfulness. These things are now unknown to the world. If Mr. Madden would raise the curtain and reveal to us the great champion as he was in his private life, we should doubtless understand him better and set a truer estimate upon his character.

We hope that another distinguished trainer will follow the example of "Scotty." We refer to that eminently successful handler of the bottle and sponge, Mr. Jeremiah Hartigan. If he could only be induced to collect in book-form his recollections of that noble long-distance runner, Mr. T. Fatta Walsh, statesmen would rejoice in the prospect of learning some of the secrets of their trade which they had never before known.

There are a number of other persons from whose trainers we would joyfully welcome volumes of reminiscences. We fail to call to memory just now who was the trainer of Susan B. Anthony; but he is one of the men from whom a suffering and patient world would be glad to hear. What a rich harvest he could bring to us "from out the storied past!" How the dying echoes of by-gone years would swell upon our ears once more in cadences of that perennial freshness which would so well become the sub-

ject! And then to think of the joy of hearing from the trainer of that venerable sprint-runner and heavy-weight lifter, Samuel J. Tilden! What a world of instruction could be gained from the reminiscences of the man who trained the Atlas of Greystone to bear upon his shoulders the great leaden ball of Democracy!

But the trainer whose recollections we shall await with the deepest and most solemn thrills of expectation is Jacob Whitelaw Reid. When he publishes his reminiscences of his man, his magnetic man, James G. Blaine, of Maine, now, alas! dead even than Jumbo, we shall drop several consecutive tears of deep and abiding joy. We trust that Mr. Reid will not long hesitate to follow the example of the illustrious "Scotty." Delays are dangerous. Men are easily forgotten in this world, and Mr. Reid should publish his book before civilization shall have swept onward to an utter forgetfulness of who James G. Blaine was.

No one is so well qualified for a task of this kind as Mr. Reid. While he never was blind to Mr. Blaine's faults, he was always generous to his virtues. He never said that other men were worse than Mr. Blaine, only that Mr. Blaine was better than they were. When scandal reared its hydra heads and calumny wrapped Mr. Blaine as in a mantle, Mr. Reid clung to him. Even in the valley of the shadow of death, Mr. Reid was with him. He is with him now. He knows Mr. Blaine as no other man ever knew him. He knows that when the world says that Mr. Blaine is not a truly good man, the world is wrong.

Oh, Mr. Reid, think of the great and glorious work that is before you! Do not hesitate a moment; but go down into the catacombs of your party, and sitting by the withering bones of Blaine, of Maine, pen, as his trainer, those reminiscences which you know so well how to construct, and which so frequently find their way into the news-columns of your paper. And when that book is written and done, we will send for the man who trained you for your great mill with Mr. Jones, of the *Times*, and let him whitewash you, if he can.

THERE is a man in a Western dime museum with two stomachs. Like PICKINGS FROM PUCK, he is making a fortune out of his second crop.\*

## NEW YORK.

When it's summer in New York,  
The people in a school  
Fly unto Nova Scotia,  
In order to be cool.

When it's winter in New York,  
The people in a swarm  
Fly to the bright Bahamas,  
In order to be warm. R. K. M.

\* This is no reflection on the First Crop, which had such a run that we lost track of the number of editions sold over a year ago.

## FORTHCOMING.



There stands an old dwelling storm-beaten and bent,  
No clusters of roses the casements surround,  
No matron knits there on the porch in content,  
No welcoming smile at the threshold is found.

No musical voice ripples out on the air,  
No smoke-garland from the old chimney careers,  
No cat on the chair sleeps—in fact there's no chair  
At the fire-place, whose fire has been out fifty years.

The poet cast round him a sorrowful look,  
And smiled as he murmured: "I'll wager a hat,"  
As he noted it down in his little red book:  
"I'll just knock a ten-dollar ode out of that!"

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## A SERVICE TO ART.

AT LAST the André monument has been effectually destroyed, razed, blown to pieces, ruined, scattered and knocked out of time and place. It is to be hoped that if the perpetrators are caught they may not be punished by imprisonment. It would, no doubt, be just to compel them to pay for the glass shattered in the neighborhood of the monument, but it would be unjust to punish them. We are not only patriotic, but we love art, and we think the men who removed that monument in such a manner that rubber cement couldn't hold it together again are real benefactors. We trust that they may be stimulated by their success at Tarrytown, and lose no time in coming to New York and beginning similar operations on the Central Park statues. There are many up there that need blowing up more than Flood Rock did. We should be happy to see Burns, Scott, Halleck and Webster blasted so high that their dynamited sections would litter New Jersey, Connecticut, and Long Island. Then we should like to see them purloin the stencil-plate full-length pictures of Revolutionary generals holding spirited horses, with a pyramid of cannon-balls in the back-ground, and lots of smoke.

WHEN SHAKSPERE wrote, "My kingdom for a horse," he showed that, with all his great knowledge, he was not ignorant of the ruling charges of the Long Branch hackman.

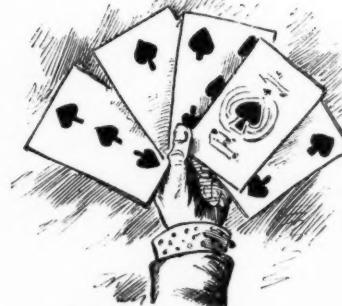
## PICTORIAL PARAGRAPHS.



UNDER THE HAMMER—Your Thumb.



THE WRITING ON THE WALL—Post No Bills.



A FARM-HAND—Five Spades.



A BOUNCING BOY—The Editor.

## THE LEGACY BOOM.

Our esteemed contemporaries of the daily press have lately taken to chronicling the unexpected good fortune of certain humble citizens whose lives have been made glad by the receipt of unexpected legacies of large amounts, left by considerate relatives of whom the legatees never heard before receiving notice of the happy decease. We have observed so many instances of this sort, within the last few weeks, that we think our readers will be interested in a collection of a few sample cases, culled at random from the columns of the metropolitan newspapers. Besides reprinting the items, we have ventured to reproduce portraits of the distinguished beneficiaries.



A curious instance of fortune's vagaries is reported from Newcastle, Del. Dominick Monahan, a poor but worthy citizen of that place, who has for years shoveled coal for a living, and who has enjoyed the esteem and confidence of the community, being trusted with untold gold in the most aristocratic cellars of Newcastle, has just fallen heir to a fortune of £125,000, left him by his uncle, The O'Grady, of O'Grady Castle, County Sligo, Ireland. Mr. Monahan, it is understood, will shortly assume the control of his new possessions.—*N. Y. Blowoff.*

A romance in real life is that of Miss Mary Mumps, a talented and beautiful sales-lady in Casey's dry-goods store on Steenth Street. Miss Mumps has recently received information that a gentleman who some years ago was infatuated with her, but on whom the lovely girl looked, at the time, with perhaps unmerited disdain, has just died and left her a fortune of some \$75,000. Miss Mumps had not heard of her quondam lover since his departure for the South African gold-fields some years ago, and is now engaged to a gentleman by the name of McGonigle, who is employed in the ribbon department of Mr. Casey's emporium.—*N. Y. Dash.*



The freaks of fickle fortune are well illustrated in the case of Mr. Pietro Wormi, the affable and intelligent chestnut vender of Houston St., who came to this country without a cent in his pocket, twenty-five years ago, and who is now about returning to Italy to reside on the ancestral estates of his grandfather, the Cavaliere Wormi, who has recently died in Italy, leaving Pietro his sole heir. Mr. Wormi has closed out his extensive business, and sails on the *Gallia*, next week. His familiar face will be missed by the hurrying throngs in East Houston Street, and his many friends will mourn his departure.—*N. Y. Morning Gassery.*



*N. Y. Blowoff.*

Many of our readers are familiar with the honest face of little Swipesey, the boot-black of City Hall Park, who recently saved five lives in the great sewer explosion in front of the *Tribune* Building, and all will be glad to hear that "Swipesey" has fallen heir to some \$100,000 in government bonds, the gift of a deceased uncle lately in the service of the King of Portugal. "Swipesey's" real name is Charles Algernon Holdback, and his family is understood to be of distinguished English origin, being remotely descended from that famous monarch, William the Conqueror.—*Evening Claque.*

Mr. Gustav Scrapenheimer, the well-known

barber of Chatham Street, was surprised the other morning by the pleasing announcement, conveyed to him by a cablegram from Germany, that his paternal uncle, the Baron von Scrapenheimer, had recently died in Berlin, leaving him heir to a fortune of 2,000,000 marks. All his friends will congratulate the ever-popular "Gus." Mr. Scrapenheimer also comes in for a baronial hall and a large and highly-colored coat of arms. He will lay aside his razor and lather-brush next week, and assume his proud ancestral prefix of "von," which will hereafter appear on his visiting-cards.—*N. Y. Daily Chinner.*

Fortune is sometimes favorable to the knights of the quill. Mr. Plantagenet Montrose, better known in the profession as "Shakey Williams," the brilliant and versatile reporter, for many years on the staff of the *Evening Kazoo*, has lately been made the recipient of a legacy of £400,000, left him by his uncle, Lord Doncherno, of Doncherno Hall, Warwickshire, England. It is understood that Mr. Williams will now perform the feat known in literary and artistic circles as "setting them up"—a duty he has been obliged to neglect for some time past, owing to stress of circumstances. We extend him our fraternal congratulations.—*N. Y. Evening Blaze.*



## VIOLETS AND CLAMS.

WE HAVE read your string of jokes, B. R. C., and we think that Canton, Ohio, is not the atmosphere best calculated to develop you into a humorist. Scotland would be the place for you, because you could escape with your life, before the hearer could see through one of your jests, and appreciate its awful rigors. Scotland, besides, is full of thistles. We think you could put the thistle down and thrive.

A ST. LOUIS PAPER says: "An Indian rajah has presented Lord Dufferin a young elephant, trained to cut books and magazines with his tusks, which are filed thin as paper-knives for the purpose." This is not, as you might think, a curious natural phenomenon. It is merely a Missouri newspaper lie.

THE PUGNACIOUS cat that recently stole upon an ancient cockatoo, and pounced suddenly on his birdship, sneaked into the kitchen a few minutes later in a claw-hammered coat.

HORATIO.—Your joke on Livy and Bacon is altogether too bright and scintillating for us. Besides, we have abandoned restaurant-humor.

SEVEN MEN were recently hanged on one night by a Tin Cup lynching committee. This is a new variation of the game of "seven up."

A TELEGRAM FROM Michigan states that a Milford barber has cut his throat. He was probably trying to shave himself. We have often feared the reckless way barbers handled their razors would bring them into some trouble.

THIS IS not a sporting-paper, we beg leave to inform our guileless Western correspondent who wishes to know if the Union League is a combination of base-ball clubs.

CAPTAIN PARDON TRIPP has smoked six thousand dollars' worth of tobacco in fifty years. He must have either smoked a pipe or very cheap cigars.

IT IS all well enough to say that nothing succeeds like success; but this is not the opinion entertained by our Hebrew brothers who amass wealth by failure.

THE NORTHERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE informs us that "The man who whistles hardly ever swears." Why should he? His whistling doesn't hurt him.

THE PROOF of the pudding may be in the eating; but the revised proof is often in the ensuing nightmare.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS PUCK madly tears, And kicks the author head-first down the stairs.

## THE AWAKENING IN BOSTON.

IT IS with gratification that we observe the wave of religious feeling that is sweeping over Boston, as indicated by the interest manifested in the services at the Bowdoin Square Baptist Church, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Downes. On Saturday evening every seat in the church was taken at half-past six o'clock, though the services did not begin until eight, and at seven o'clock it became necessary to have the doors guarded by policemen to keep back the crowds. So hungry was this crowd for the bread of life, that when a side door was opened to admit a member of the church, a rush was made upon it, and about thirty worshipers managed to obtain admittance.

Perhaps some ministers might be proud of their ability to draw such houses to hear a lecture upon the by no means new topic—"Jonah and the Whale"—but not so Pastor Downes. "The Lord has taken his own way to bring people into the church," he said, devoutly: "and I hope you will all be benefitted." It is a consoling thought that men and women who are attracted to hear his sermons by the notoriety he has obtained in the courts cannot be made much worse by anything.

PENNY-WISE AND POUND-FOOLISH — The Grocer who Gives Short Weight.

## PEANUTS AND CARAMELS.

THESE ARE the days of red and gold, and yet they are not so intensely red and gold as they were two weeks ago. But then they are considerably redder and more profusely golden than they will be two weeks hence. Then the temperature crank will run out in his slippers every five minutes to look at the thermometer, and the man who can't afford to warm his house properly will dance about and laugh, and call every one else a frozen turnip.

THE LATEST thing in cookery is a custard-powder which enables you to make custard without eggs. We have heard of chicken-salad being made without chicken, and clam-chowder being formulated with the aid of a clam—but custard without eggs! Oh, cousin Benvolio, it will grieve thee sore, and touch thy heart right through thy wine-hued doublet, should this invention go so far as to enable an audience to egg thee without eggs.

"JOHNNY," SAID a mother, angrily, the other day, as she pointed to a pumpkin-pie that had a great slab taken out of it: "did you cut into that pie?"

"No'm."

"Well, how did that great hole get in it, then?"

"Dunno," replied Johnny, drawing his sleeve across his face: "perhaps it got wore in."

YES, PENSIVE FLEURETTE, this is precisely the time of the year when the wood-engraver goes forth into the chilly forest to hew the trees for winter use. This is where he gets that peculiar wildness and freedom of stroke that causes him to gouge out a portrait in such a style that it seems to represent a person that has been clubbed, kicked, beaten, and dipped head foremost into boiling oil.

IT WILL make the staid New Yorker think of his merry past, and perhaps shed a silent tear, when, in eight or ten years, business or pleasure takes him to some out-of-the-way country-place, and, on walking from the cars to the 'bus, he discovers the latter to be one of the old Twenty-third Street stages that the horse-cars hustled off Broadway.

WE ARE greatly obliged to the inventor of a new-fangled pruning-knife sent us the other day for notice. We think the "Barcelona" about the best pruning-knife that we have ever seen. We should now feel obliged to the inventor if he would have the kindness to send us some prunes, that we may test its virtues further.

## A DUEL.

A rather lively personal warfare is being waged between those two eminent citizens, George Jones and Jay Gould. Mr. Gould has been a trifle unfortunate in some of his dealings with his fellow-men. As Macaulay said of King Charles, "he was not only a most unscrupulous, but a most unlucky dissembler."

Taking advantage of the prevalence of this impression, Mr. Jones publicly informed Mr. Gould that he lied, at the recent meeting of the Trustees of the Grant Fund, which Mr. Gould accuses Mr. Jones of having mismanaged.

On Saturday Mr. Jones's paper presented a list of Mr. Gould's favorite wines, and the little financier is mean enough to remark, through an organ of his own, that if Mr. Jones had managed his (Mr. Gould's) finances, he (Mr. Gould) would be obliged to drink water.

Mr. Gould has left himself open for an admirable retort relative to water in stocks, which we hope to see the *Times* take advantage of, as this pun has not been perpetrated in a morning newspaper for several days.

## THE STRONG ARM OF THE LAW.

There is something about the moral atmosphere of Long Island City that reminds one of the untrammelled West as pictured and idealized by Bret Harte. Very picturesque was the scene that occurred in a court-room there last week. Justice Delehanty presided upon the bench with imposing dignity, and was conducting the case of the People *vs.* Timothy McCoy, charged with the larceny of a ham, when Mr. George King, a gentleman engaged in a house-to-house canvass for the negotiation of sales of suspenders, combs, buttons and similar *bric-à-brac*—known technically as peddling—entered the court-room and impugned the veracity of the Justice.

The Justice retaliated by casting the barrister in Mr. King's teeth, and Mr. King responded with a reflection upon the Justice's relatives of the maternal side. Then Justice Delehanty, putting aside the petty prejudices of judicial etiquette, descended from the bench, seized a chair and shattered it into fragments upon Mr. King's devoted back. Every one in the court-room took a part in the *mèlée* that followed, and when order was restored the Justice himself hauled Mr. King up to the bar, and—to carry out the metaphor—went around behind it and served him.

Thirty days he dealt him for disorderly conduct, and Mr. King at present maintains a distinct prejudice against bearding a Douglas in his hall. If other Justices will follow the example of Mr. Delehanty, we shall confidently expect to hear of fewer cases of contempt of court.

FROM A WESTERN dispatch we learn that "Sitting Bull has sent congratulations to United States Marshal Maratta." It would be interesting now to know what murder the Marshal has been committing.

FAIR-MINDED—The Women of the Church in Debt.

THE ORDER OF THE DAY—"Get up; breakfast's ready."

ALONG THE road, in rich array,  
The oaks and maples blaze,  
And in the valley softly floats  
A spray of purple haze.  
In merry strings the wild geese fly  
A-honking to the South,  
And green persimmons all awry  
Now twist the small boy's mouth.

LIGHTNING NEVER strikes twice in the same place, they say. This is just where the lightning differs from John L. Sullivan.

THE WEATHER-PROPHEP is without honor anywhere.

NO MORE the sky-blue watering-cart  
Its sparkling way pursues,  
And in a jiffy breaks the heart  
Of the man with the well-blacked shoes.

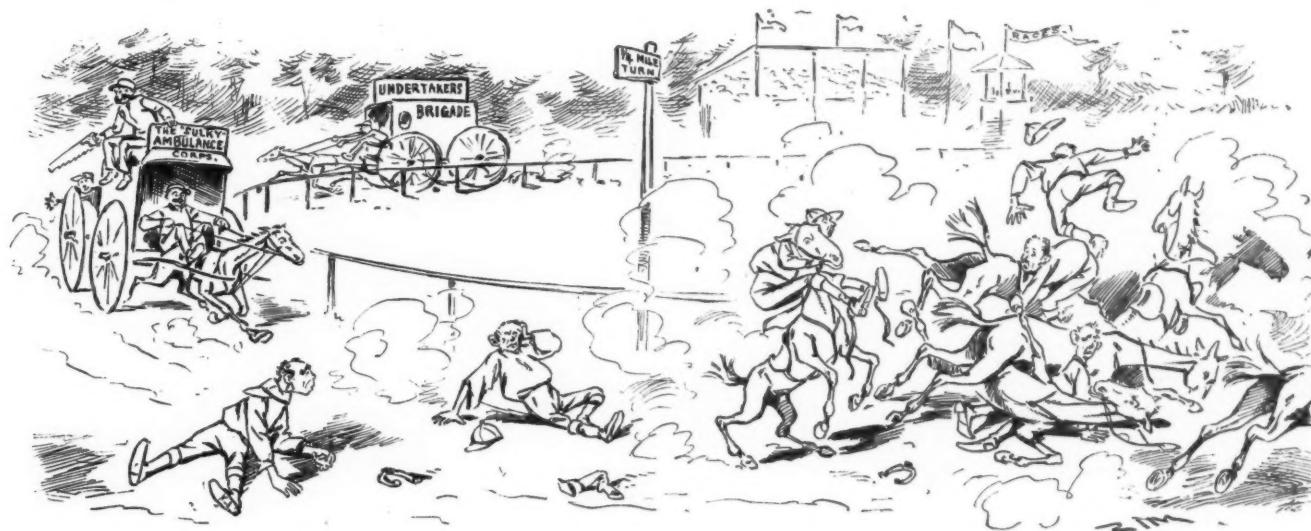
THIS is the month when the servant-girl begins to steal your groceries for her relatives, most industriously. She also begins to waste and destroy as much as she possibly can, because by these methods she causes the orders to increase two-fold, and the local dealer will be tempted to swell her regular Christmas remembrance.



PROPRIETRESS OF GAME AND "DELICATESSEN" EMPORIUM.—"I am very sorry dose rabbits und skvir-r-rls und brairie-chiggens vas all sold owd; aber here is a shplendit sausage—I recommend dot."  
CUSTOMER.—"Fraid that won't do; my wife 'll never believe I shot it."

—From the German.

## "SPORT."



VIEW OF AN AMERICAN RACE-COURSE AFTER A FEW MORE YEARS OF JOCKEY-KILLING.

## ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM.

It is with the deepest and most profound sincerity that we congratulate the illustrated daily press upon its enterprise, and the success it is meeting in presenting to its subscribers graphic pictures of the occurrences of the day, instead of mere written reports thereof. We have not yet been made aware of the nature of the wonderful invention by which photographs and sketches are transmitted by telegraph; but this is probably due either to the modesty of the inventor, or a desire on the part of the newspapers to mystify their readers—in the latter case, they have so far been eminently successful.

To an unreasoning person, it seems a trifle peculiar that when a murder occurs in San Francisco, a New York newspaper should be able to give a photograph of the gentleman or lady accused of the crime at the head of the telegraphed story of the occurrences; but the logical mind at once discerns that a new method of electrical transmission has been invented, and is joyful accordingly.

It is, however, a sad commentary upon human nature that envious and malicious persons are always ready, whenever any great discovery is made, to detract from its virtues and malign its adherents. A conspicuous illustration is the Keely motor, which some persons do not hesitate to denounce as impracticable, and we might point to Ferdinand Ward's scheme of finance as another instance of the same envious malignity on the part of men who are unable to comprehend real greatness of thought and effort. We are moved to these unpleasant reflections by the aspersions which have been cast upon the illustrated press by malevolent and shallow detractors who do not believe in the new process of forwarding pictures by telegraph.

Although we have not yet collected the proofs to back up our assertions, we do not hesitate to denounce as a deliberate, willful and malicious lie the statement that the portrait of Mrs. Walkup, the charming young Western murderess of Emporia, Kansas, which appeared at the top of the column detailing the murder in an esteemed contemporary on the day after the crime was committed, was in reality the picture known as "After Taking," which formerly adorned the advertisement of "Dyer's Hair Vigor."

We also take this occasion to make a vigorous protest against the circulation of the report that the Cincinnati *Pork-Packer* presented the "Before Taking" of Smith's Sandpaper Poultice advertisement to its readers as a portrait

of the Hon. Wm. Maxwell Evarts, the little statesman with the big head.

It is as wickedly false as the allegation that the illustrations in the New York papers of the recent orchid sale were taken from an advertisement of the Hoboken-Oriental Hub Remedy for hydrophobia and cold feet.

Of course there are cases where the substitution of these pictures is perfectly justifiable, as in the instance of a Chicago paper, which shifted the "After Taking" of a moustache invigorator from its advertising-page into the news columns, to do service as a portrait of the Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior; still, we distinctly object to the same paper's using its campaign picture of David B. Hill as the portrait of a convalescent would-be suicide.

However, when the new process of pictorial telegraphic transmission comes into general use, even these innocent subterfuges will be found unnecessary and superfluous, and it is with some eagerness that we look forward to that day.

F. MARSHALL WHITE.

## SONNET TO A BRINDLED COW.

O brindled cow, upon the grassy mead,  
Chewing the cud of meditation sweet,  
While blackbirds twitter 'round thy stamping feet,  
You on the timothy and clover feed;  
For opera-glasses one has not a need  
To see that you enjoy the glorious treat;  
Beside you I will take a quiet seat,  
And try the lesson of your life to read.  
Somewhere afar, in other meadows green,  
You were a little calf, white and red,  
And then a heifer; and your life was full  
Of speechless joy and new-made hay, I ween—

Great Scott! she's knocked the top clean off my  
head!  
Well, I'll be durned! That brindled cow's a bull.

W. J. HENDERSON.

## Answers for the Anxious.

R. V.—Thanks—gilt-edged thanks!

J. M. D., Sandusky, O.—Go further West. This is a point for you. Now you have something that your joke hasn't.

ARTIST ABE.—We can't use your sketch for a cartoon. Why don't you sell it to a farmer in a strong crow district, as an improvement on the forked-stick and army-overcoat arrangement now generally in use in corn-fields?

## GORE AND MOLASSES.

"ARE YOU going to serve that turtle on Friday?" asked a man of a well-known restaurateur, as he pointed to a huge turtle lying on its back at the front door, and madly pawing the air.

"Not at all," replied the hasheur: "you are a regular old-time friend of mine, and I know you can keep a secret. That is our exhibition turtle. He is not necessarily for liquefaction, but merely as a guarantee of good faith. He draws the crowd, and soup made of veal and pork makes it happy."

A VOLUME of poems is on the market entitled "Afternoon Songs," because they are supposed to represent the autumn or P. M. of the singer's life. Now, any young poet getting out a first book might indicate the spring or A. M. of his life by calling it "Mushrooms," or "Milkmens' Reveilles."

So you think "odious" rhymes with "hideous," do you? Perhaps you think "dubious" rhymes with "amphibious," and "violin" with "Bryan O'Lynn." You are a very smart young man, Jerome. We have no doubt that if you were to try you could scale a stone wall with a fish-knife.

THEY SAY a man can leave an umbrella out of doors in Norway all day, and find it where he left it the next morning. This would go to show that they have very poor umbrellas in Norway, or else the climate is phenomenally dry.

IT IS rumored that Mrs. Theresa Fair, the divorced wife of Senator Fair, will soon marry a Philadelphia newspaper-man. She evidently intends to marry a slow man, this time.

KING LEAR is represented to have observed: "A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats." Thus we perceive that hash was despised even at this early day.

A SPANISH PROVERB says: "All miseries may be borne with bread." This shows one essential difference between miseries and some kinds of butter.

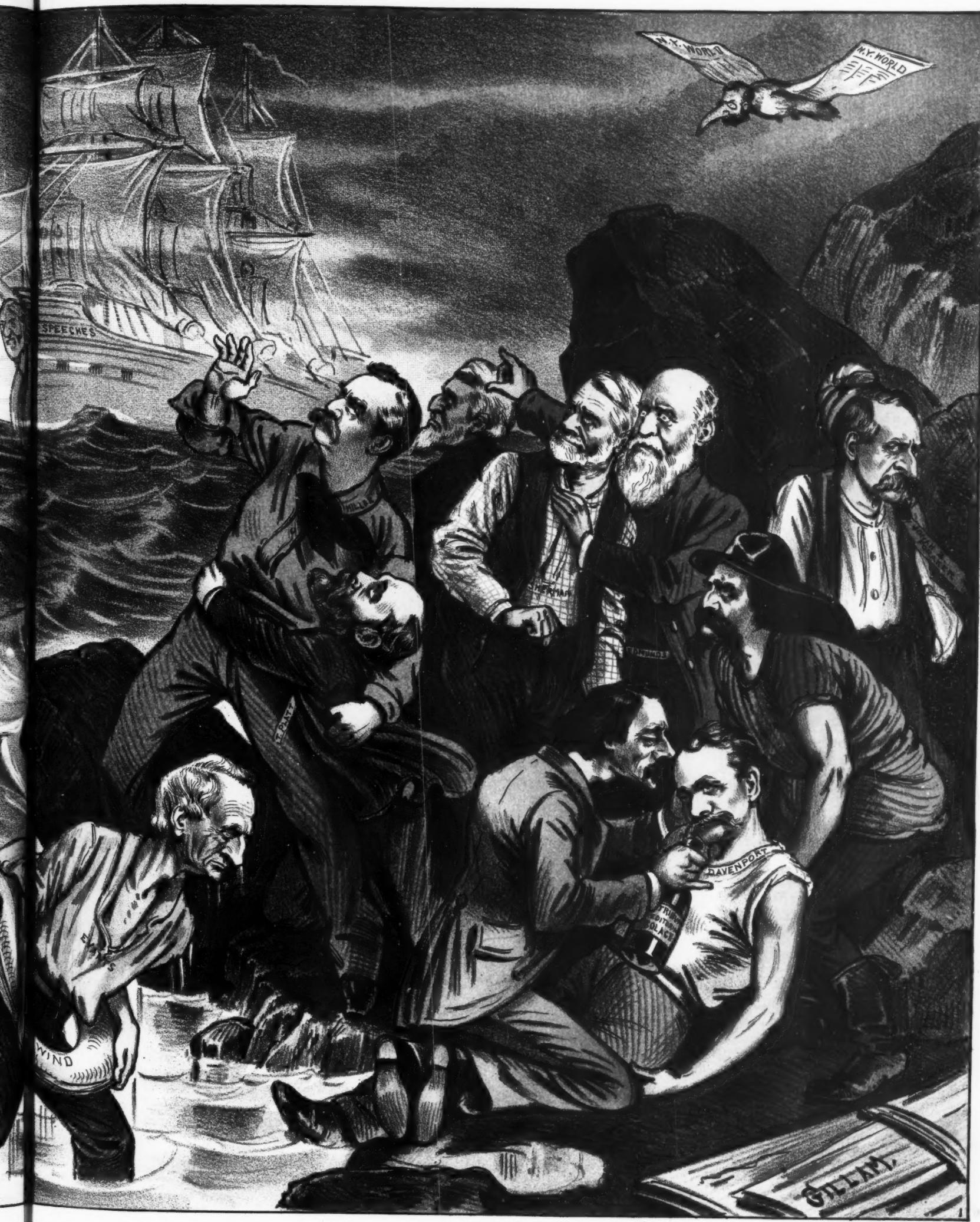
ALFRED JINGLE—Tennyson.

ONE BY ONE the parsons fall.



THEY SAW THEIR "FLYING DUTCHMAN."—IT OSS

P.U.K.



IT OSSED THEIR PATH, AND THEY WERE LOST.

## THE DEAR OLD GAME.

A game of base-ball on election-day revealed to me the fact that it is not the same game that we played fifteen or twenty years ago. In the first place, I didn't see ardent admirers of the game sitting on a seat improvised by arranging three bats triangularly, and the wicked small boy watching for an opportunity to steal up and suddenly dump the sitter on the ground by kicking the bats from under him. And then all the youthful observers didn't go away at intervals for a swim in the creek, and return with more dirt on them than they had before going in, and a supply of raw turnips which they bit into right back to their eyes and ate ravenously. And then there wasn't the Irish woman crouched behind a barrel in the yard to capture the first foul that came that way, and keep the ball until she was paid for the pane of glass that was broken the day before.

The whole thing seemed to have undergone such a change that it was practically a new game. Nothing but skunk after skunk, and at the end of the game both nines hadn't scored three times. Why, in the old days a game wasn't considered interesting unless the score was 32 to 24, or 56 to 42. It made me feel sad and lonely to see the club that had the last innings go to the bat for the final time without saying confidently: "We have got to make 22 to tie, and 23 to win." Those were the days when a boy used to sit on the fence about a quarter of a mile behind the centre-fielder, to get the ball when it went over, before it could be lost in the grass. There was no boy there during the election-day game. The fielders had nothing to do, and the man who had a hot-house about one hundred feet from the third baseman walked about without showing a symptom of fear or nervousness.

The shock-haired urchin selling warm water for a cent a tin-cupful was also absent. It was also noticeable that the catcher wore a great inflated rubber apron to protect him against any ball that might find its way through his fingers. In the old days the catcher was not protected in this way. If he took a foul off the bat, the papers spoke of it for several weeks; but if he missed it, he usually got the ball in the pit of the stomach, and, after taking a vacant *blasé* look at the surrounding country, proceeded to gradually and softly curl up like the petal of a tiger-lily, until he looked like a sleeping caterpillar.

Oh, for the good old bat-splitting days of base-ball, when the follower of every club was patriotic and warm-hearted, and would cheerfully shed the blood of a rival in the cause of fair play and local honor. Oh, for the days when the cover was knocked off the ball, and the crowd stood respectfully away in consideration of the man who couldn't hit without "slinging his bat." Those were the palmy days of base-ball; but they have gone, gone, gone, never to return.

I noticed this on election-day in more ways than one. If a man muffed a ball, the error was simply deplored in silence by his own club, and enjoyed in grateful silence by the opposing club. In the old days, the man who muffed a ball was hilariously ridiculed by the boys, who shouted "Butter-fingers!" and various other terms quite as uncomplimentary and even less dignified. And then, when a ball was knocked into the field, the people who wanted to see it dropped shouted and groaned, and did all in their power to make the player miss it. If he did, it was usually followed by a general fight, which was never without interest.

It used to be a great scheme, when there was a close decision, to haul out the rules, printed in dime-novel form, and read them to the umpire, who usually held a bat in his hand. Then there were fights about the score being wrong,

all the fielders rushing in to take part, and, brandishing bats about the umpire's head, they shouted like so many Indians.

It was very pathetic to hear the boys express their regret at one of their companions being put into business; for they regarded all merchants as Philistines who would not let a clerk off to play more than once a month. The earth contained nowhere on its surface such a wretch. He was simply an unabridged viper.

Another conspicuous figure that belonged to base-ball in the old days was the boy who held the coats, vests and money of the players. In order to carry the things in the easiest possible manner, the boy put them on. He would walk around jingling with watch-chains, with five or six vests beating against his calves, and the same number of bobtail-coats interfering with the free motion of his feet. Then he had more on his arms, or he sat on them when he was tired of walking around, opening watches with aristocratic negligence, to make the other boys so sick with envy that it was all they could do to take any interest in the game. After the game, when he was paid in pennies for his services, he strolled off and went on a ginger-bread spree, and probably at no time in after life did he feel prouder than when acting in the capacity of keeper of the robes, or happier than when spending the fruits of his labor.

I saw not this boy at the election-day game. He exists no more. He passed away with the style of game that was coeval with him. For that game is dead. Peace to the ashes that it swung so nobly!

The only feature of the old game that remains is the cheerfulness and frequency with which the umpire is assaulted and called names that are only proper in the dictionary.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

WE UNDERSTAND there is a movement on foot to number the British Peers like the piers of the North and East Rivers.

## THE HASTY CAT.

The *Sun's* Cat, with arched back and swelled tail, indignantly states that on the night before the Ward trial District Attorney Martine and two Assistant District Attorneys, Messrs. Nicoll and Purdy, who had three thousand pages of testimony to read before morning, went to see the "Mikado" instead of doing their duty.

As usual, the Cat has spoken before giving proper consideration to its subject, and it is, therefore, without misgiving that we shy at the famous feline the boot-jack of reason in reminding it that there could be no better place to study the impartial administration of strict justice, and likewise the art of making the punishment fit the crime, than at the performance of the "Mikado."

That ruler's sentence, vague, but unpleasant, of Messrs. *Pooh-Bah* and *Ko-Ko* to something lingering, with boiling oil in it, after forgiving them for the crime for which they are to be punished, is an idyll. We commend the thoughtfulness of the three prosecutors, and warn the Cat to be more careful about spiked fences in future.

A MAN OUT West owns a bloodhound who knows his step so well that it is not necessary for him to speak to the animal for safety when he comes in at the dead of night. Recently, however, the man came home sober, and was promptly eaten up. The moral of this little fable should teach us that it is madness and folly to vote the Prohibition ticket.

THE PROPER way to keep dynamite from exploding is to pack it in a millionaire's pocket-book. You can then toss it in the air like a ball, and hit it as it descends with a bat, without the slightest fear of danger.

ON THE STUMP—The One-Legged Veteran.

## THE BURIAL OF THE BABES.



ONE THING THE BROOKLYN INDEPENDENTS DID ACCOMPLISH.

## A MONEY-CHANGER IN THE TEMPLE.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field has had a beautiful time of late. He captured an English lion, and the capture has received such notice from real newspapers that Mr. Field seriously thought of giving up his own family advertising sheet. And the best of it was that his lion was so strong in the odor of sanctity that Cyrus was able to get a little on his own scorched garments. He has had his house filled with ministers of the Gospel. He has become the familiar associate of doctors of divinity. It is said that the touchingly philanthropic sentiments which Cyrus has uttered on these occasions would have brought tears to the eyes of an Elevated Railroad brakeman. And the doctors of divinity murmured with one accord: "What a good and saintly man it is!"

Of course we cannot believe the rumor, but yet we have heard a rumor that Cyrus at the same time was taking an extraordinary interest in the law, as well as in the ministry. We hear that while his up-town mansion was crowded with divines his down-town office was the resort of "heeler." It is even said that Cyrus, just after a most moving spiritual love-feast, came down-town with a bundle of tickets, which he gave out with his own pious hands to such employees as he could reach. Clerks and Elevated men and others dependent on small salaries received these tickets, and it was clearly understood that the tickets were to be voted. Now, this might seem, to an over-sensitive person, a little like bulldozing. But we could not accuse Cyrus, the clergyman's friend, of brutal bulldozing, as if he were one of the irreligious Southerners whom Cyrus and Blaine and Logan have so often rebuked. No, we have felt sure that Cyrus's interest in the election must be due to some pure and lofty purpose which the ordinary man could not hope to comprehend.

But we regret to say that Cyrus's motives have been otherwise explained. It appears that various long-suffering citizens have brought suits involving several millions against the Elevated roads. A judge of the court in which these suits will be brought was to be chosen at this election. One of the candidates had proved, by an honorable judicial career, that he could not be "approached." It was his uncomfortable habit to be influenced only by the law and the evidence, and not by the philanthropic Field, or his wicked partner, Jay Gould. And, strangely enough, Cyrus does not love this judge. For some reason, doubtless from pure, disinterested benevolence, Cyrus and his wicked partner preferred that the other candidate, the candidate of Tammany Hall, should be elected to preside over these suits against the Elevated roads.

How is this, Cyrus W.? Do you really think that you can retain your own private judge? There was another eminent citizen who thought so once, and the people loved him so much that they sent a man-of-war to bring him back from Spain. You are an agile man, Cyrus, but are you quite up to such an effort to serve God and Mammon at the same time? Were you trying to corrupt the judiciary while you were in such soulful converse with doctors of divinity? Cyrus, if these reports are true, it looks as though you hoped to "influence" the great Judge above by feasting his representatives on earth, and make him overlook the way you showed your interest in human judges and the Elevated roads. We are afraid that you are not the guileless saint we took you for when we read about your recent associates. Some way, Cyrus, this mixture of your up-town and down-town transactions leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

But we can give you one little suggestion. When the Elevated roads were first built, and

## A Clerical Idea of a Harmless Ballet—As it Ought to be.



(Dedicated, with profound apologies, to the Bishop of London, who will, we are sure, agree with us that there is not the least danger in going to see such a performance as this.)—*London Funny Folks*.

their infernal noise drove sleep from thousands of pillows, and rasped the nerves and hurt the health of workingmen and women, there was such a protest that you promised to find a way of deadening the noise. Well, an invention was found. But it would have been expensive to apply it, and you said: "Wait six months and see if the people won't stand the racket." And the long-suffering people who are so used to being imposed upon finally stopped complaining and did "stand the racket," and nothing more has been heard of any plan for deadening the noise.

But what we want to suggest to you, Cyrus, is, that the people are not always patient. Sometimes it happens that public opinion is more powerful with judges and legislators than great corporations can be. The time may come when the people will not "stand the racket" any longer, and, Cyrus, we are inclined to think that British lions and D. D.s would not comfort you then. \*\*\*\*

IT is an old saying that a man is not bothered by anything that he does not know. We don't think this can be truly said of the candidate who is reading an editorial regarding himself in an opposition paper, and runs across some French words that he doesn't know the meaning of.

AGAINST A SLENDER strip of olive sky  
The rustling trees in orange beauty vie,  
And all the landscape, faded into brown,  
In the clear pool seems tilted upside down.  
I watch the pool that all unripled lies,  
Save when a breeze across its bosom flies.  
I see no school-boy like an Indian run,  
Without a stitch on, in the summer sun,  
And go head-first into the pleasant pool,  
Just at the time when he should be at school;  
Nor see him wrapped from head to foot in grief  
At the intelligence of "chaw roast-beef."

A MAN OUT West just lost his left hand in a hay-cutter. We are very sorry, providing he wasn't a violinist. If he was, we are still sorry that he is still eligible for the bass-drum.

A WISE MAN in Missouri says that "when hornets build their nests high, it will be a mild winter; but when they build them close to the ground, the winter will be intensely cold." Then is the Missouri hornet very different from all his brethren. When I was a boy, the closer the hornets got to the ground, the hotter it was for everything in that neighborhood that didn't wear a boiler-plate hide.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"JIM," said a honest coal-dealer to one of his drivers: "Jim, make that ton of coal two hundred pounds short. It is for a poor, delicate widow, and as she will have to carry all of it up two flights of stairs, I don't want her to overtax her strength."—*Philadelphia Kronikle-Herald*.

A CALIFORNIA blacksmith is dangerously ill with glanders, contracted while shoeing a horse." And a Pennsylvania woman is suffering from a sprained ankle, contracted while "shoeing" a hen. There seems to be a fatality about this shoeing business.—*Norristown Herald*.

LITTLE CHARLEY.—"Papa, will you buy me a drum?"

Fond Father.—"Ah, but, my boy, you will disturb me very much if I do."

Charley.—"Oh, no, papa, I won't drum except when you're asleep."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.

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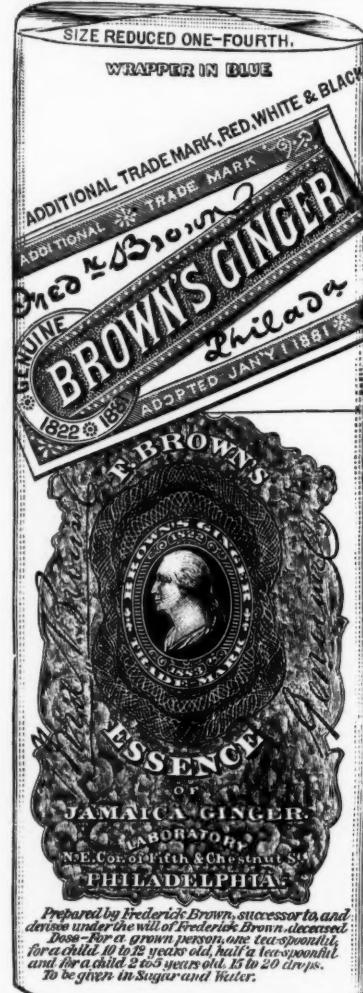
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THE KING AND THE HAIR-DYE.

King Hubert's hair was growing gray,  
His years were XLI.;  
Queen Margaret grew sad, one day,  
And sent for some hair-dye.

The dye arrived one Friday night;  
Next morn this fair young Queen  
Found that her favorite dog, once white,  
Was now an apple-green.

The King within his garden sat,  
In laughter, on a log,  
And, 'twixt guffaws, he told her that  
He'd tried it on the dog.

To also dye the cat and bird  
He said was his intent;  
The stuff she bought him, he averred,  
He found most XL-ent.

Queen Marguerita took the hint,  
Also the dye, with care;  
And white as silver from the mint  
Remains King Hubert's hair.

—Columbus Dispatch.

THE Duke of Beaufort is the editor of a new book on hunting, in which he says: "When the wind has been blowing hard, often have I seen his Royal Highness knocking over driven grouse and partridges and high-rocketing pheasant in first-rate workmanlike style." His Ducal Nibs, strangely enough, omits noticing how the partridges jumped up and clicked their little legs together in great glee at the honor done them by his Royal Highness, and how the sky-rocketing pheasants screamed with joy when struck by the royal shot.—*Philadelphia News*.

A FLORIDA man recently went to Gainesville, and there saw for the first time in his life a lump of ice. He put a half-pound piece in his pocket to show his family when he got home, but he took it out again without any one telling him to.—*Norristown Herald*.

I'm one of the oldest horse-shoers in the town, and I have used your Salvation Oil for cracked heels, mange, and sand cracks with horses, and it gives perfect satisfaction and does the work every time.

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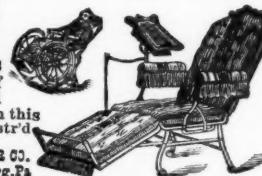
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From the oak-tree's towering top,  
Zip-ty zow!  
Through the foliage he cleaves,  
Zip-zip!  
Bounding on the bed of leaves,  
Zee-zaw.

Short he is and round and fat,  
Pretty thing.  
With a Tam o'-Shanter hat  
On his head.  
This he wore from day of birth  
In the spring.  
Doffed it not to Mother Earth—  
Quite ill-bred.

But he has a brother, much  
More polite,  
Who his hat will always touch  
To the fair;  
When he meets Dame Earth, some day  
Or at night,  
He will throw his hat away  
And go bare.

—*Columbus Dispatch.*

THE Chicago Herald comments unfavorably on the resolution of the National Wholesale Drug Association, in session in Philadelphia recently, to the effect that "no member of the organization would offer any superior inducement to secure the service of any salesman or traveler in the employ of any other house connected with the association." It is, indeed, hard to understand why there should not be the liveliest competition to secure the services of salesmen competent to distinguish between quinine and morphine. Coroners advertise the value of such salesmen every day.—*Phila. News.*

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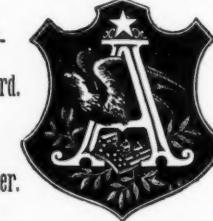
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When I put on my white straw summer hat  
It blows;  
And when my dog-cart I drive, on that  
It snows;  
In winter-time abroad I do not roam,  
Because  
The day my new red sleigh comes jingling home  
It thaws.  
The girl who of all rosebud blooming girls  
I picked,  
And loved for her sweet eyes, lips, cheeks and curls—  
She kicked.  
And when the man I hate—poor, stupid, mean  
And grim—  
Came by, with farewell glance for me, my queen  
Took him.  
I bought West Shore at ninety-three—great stroke  
For me;  
And the next day, as sure as fate, she broke  
To three.  
Were I a barber, all the world would know  
My chair;  
And all mankind would wear dense beard, and grow  
Long hair.  
Were I a preacher, quickly the millen-  
ium,  
With utter ruin to my business, then  
Would come.  
I'll be an undertaker; then I can  
Defy  
The laws of nature, for no living man  
Would die.

—Robert J. Burdette, in *New York Star*.

Is it not an outrage upon the eternal fitness  
of things that we should call the biggest elephant  
in the world "Jumbo," and the smallest orchid  
that ever tried to hide its ugliness behind its  
name the "Chewhoopupangitonto the Yiang-  
stekalamazoolite Alabazan?" It does not  
seem right.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

THE question of where the Mugwump will  
be next year is now being asked by the organs  
of both parties. It will be authoritatively  
answered by the Mugwumps after next year's  
nominations have been made.—*Phila. Times*.

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three dollars, because it is so rare. If it is only  
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"VACCINATION BEES" are a popular diversion  
along the Canadian border. The person  
who holds the bee—while it is being vaccinated  
—is supposed to wear sheet-iron gloves.—*Norristown Herald*.

A FOUR-LEGGED girl is on exhibition in a  
Philadelphia museum. A fore-handed girl is  
preferable—but not for exhibition purposes.—*Norristown Herald*.

A FRIEND indeed is one who is not in need.  
—*Chicago Ledger*.

OFF and on—A setting hen.—*Lowell Courier*.

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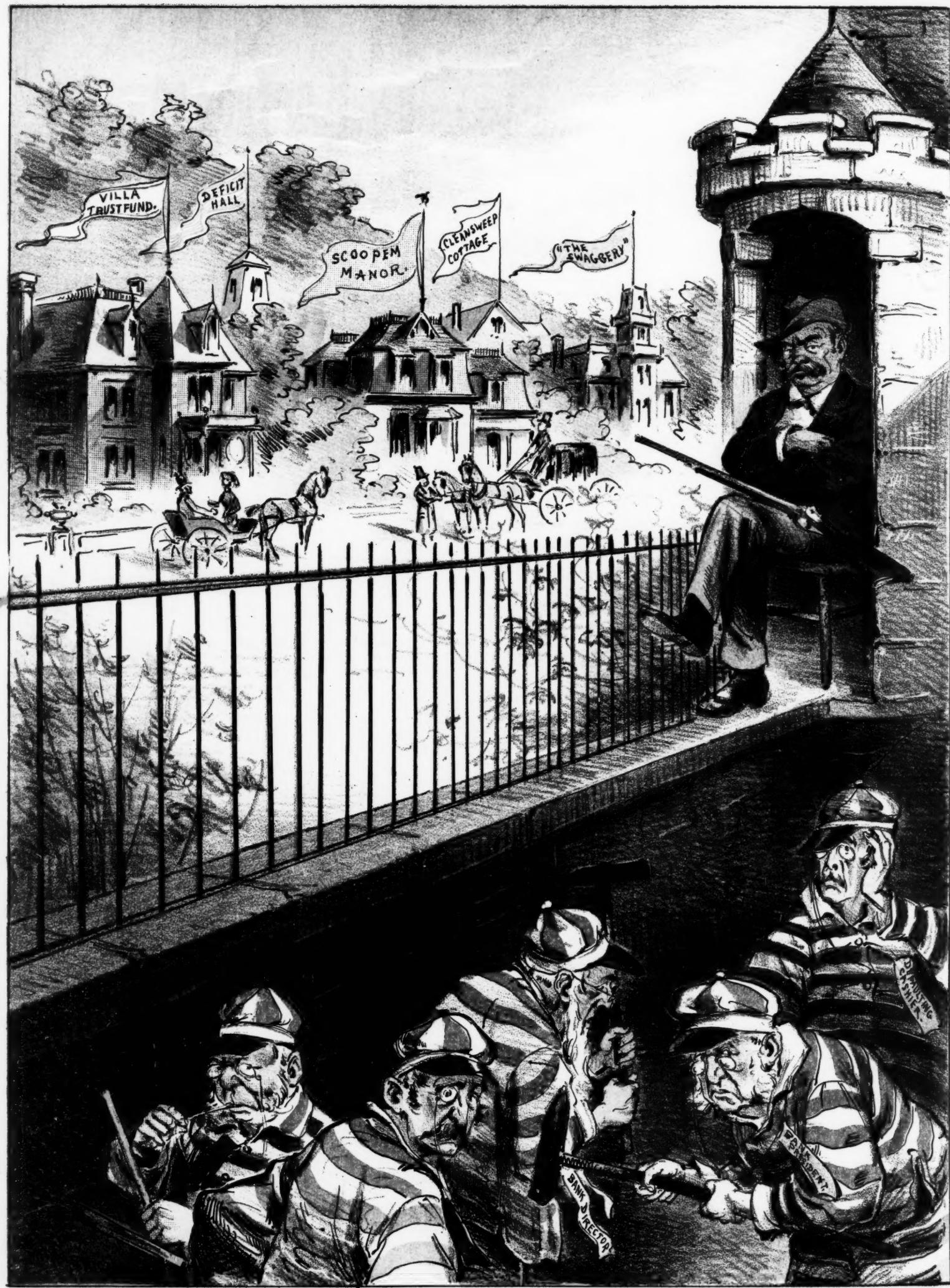
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